THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

THE SPY.

No. II.—SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1806.

O happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite and in one fate,
Their hearts, their fortunes and their beings blend.
THOMSON.

AS I was sauntering along the streets the other morning carelessly looking around me, both for the purposes of pastime and observation, I approached the coffee-house door, and as my time felt rather heavy on my hands, I concluded to go in and amuse myself with some of the foreign papers, kept there for the amusement of its numerous visitors. I turned into one of the boxes and had scarcely seated myself, when I overheard two persons near me, talking with great earnestness.

The one appeared to be a youth of interesting countenance which expressed much chagrin and disappointment. His companion was rather advanced in years, and seemed anxious to communicate some instruction with all the serenity and firmness, of an experienced veteran in the scenes of life. I kept the paper before my eyes, and listened with anxious, though perhaps impertinent curiosity. Happiness, said the eldest, is a vision, ever present to the imagination, but evanescent and fleeting when regarded through the more perfect mediums of reason and experience. We have now considered what are the rewards and pleasures of the ambitious politician : Let us prosecute our search, which though hitherto productive of disappointment, will I trust not be in vain. Miserable indeed is our lot, when happiness is dependant upon unreasonable hopes and delusive speculations. But replied the youth, we have as yet only contemplated the boisterous and stormy prospects of life. The sea of politics is always turbulent and uncertain. Happiness is of a mild and placid nature, and delights to dwell in the humbler walks of life : She is to be seen in the noiseless tenor of individual exertion for private ends, and in the bosom of domestic society. I am afraid, answered the other, your experience will not always confirm the truth of your proposition.

That institution which would seem to have been ordained by heaven for the bliss of mankind, is too often the source of the greatest misery. Then indeed, exclaimed the youth, our search must be fruitless. If the sweet union of two virtuous and kindred minds, is not the source of the greatest happiness, we are permitted to enjoy, we must despair of finding it any where on this side the grave. Permit me, my revered friend, to indulge myself in a sketch of this blissful and delightful state.—Conformity of age and temper appear to be absolutely requisite, and doubtless are not uncommon. These alone, with common sense sufficient for the purposes of life, can bestow a great portion of satisfaction; but when we refine our contemplations of this union; we behold two mortals contentedly and cheerfully passing their hours in pursuits tending directly to promote the happiness of each other. With an ardent attachment, the result of genuine and uncontroulable love, and the most exalted respect and esteem for mutual good qualities and qualifications; with tempers of a mild and beneficent nature and conformable to each other; with minds equally cultivated according to the different grades apportioned the sexes, and bent on pursuits that promote all the finer feelings of liberality, benevolence, honest love of fame and piety, adorned with a taste for those accomplishments and pleasures that refine and elevate the mind; it cannot but happen, that under all the external influences incident to hu-

manity, without the verge of extreme poverty and distress, they must be supremely happy. What is the tenor of their lives? The one is prosecuting some scheme or profession from which the independence and comfort of her for whom he labours are derived. The other offers the satisfaction of yielding the cheering welcome at the times of recreation; of a smiling and endearing countenance, a well regulated family, and every thing under her care prepared to administer to the relief and satisfaction of both. At home mutual studies; the conversation of bosom friends (such as they must be to each other) whose confidence and true interest in each other's welfare, dictate nothing less than the empty and unmeaning compliments or deceitful opinions of mixed society. The contemplation of those pledges whose tender years and dependence call forth the keenest and tenderest emotions of parental love; the rational enjoyment of friends and an occasional indulgence in those amusements which afford matter for reciprocal cheerfulness and good humour;—what else can result from such a state of things but that species of happiness which will enable us to smile at the external influence of the world when of an evil nature, and participate with additional delight in those which yield satisfaction and enjoyment?

I am truly sorry, my young friend, said the other, to dispel the fascinating vision upon which you appear to dwell with such delight. What the conjugal state is capable of affording, you have faithfully delineated: but let me assure you at the same time, that you have so far laboured under a deception as to have substituted an abstract view of the subject for an actual one. According to this method any view of society would be a delusive one; and we should in vain look for those realities, the images of which, the imagination has collected from a number of varieties. Fortunately for mankind, it is not every one whose sensibilities or acuteness of moral perception equal yours. You must bound your contemplations far short of perfection, and learn to be satisfied with human nature in all its varieties, blended with and composed of, numerous contradictory parts, good and evil, perfect and imperfect, pleasurable and painful.

It is seldom the lot of the married to know much of each other prior to their union. The whole system of previous acquaintance is that of deception and disguise;—the fair parts of character studiously displayed; the shades constantly kept in the back ground. Soon, too soon, does a more familiar acquaintance draw aside that veil which has become no longer necessary; and if clouds and storms do not succeed the enchanting sunshine of fancy and expectation, it is more than probable that distaste and indifference do. The husband discovers that his adorable angel is a very mortal, and subject to all the violent and bad passions so inimical to conjugal and domestick quiet. Where he looked for a companion, he has found none. If perpetual silence is not the consequence of the superiority of one over the other, the worse effects are substituted of equal talents and knowledge employed in enforcing different opinions and encouraging contradictions and discord.—They have the painful mortification to discover that their minds are by no means congenial in their pursuits in life. The one places the greatest happiness in retirement and domestick society and resources; the other is devoted to dissipation and company; or if they should agree in this particular they are not the more happy in being always at home, from which it is impossible to be always absent.

Perhaps her heart feels many a pang at the indulgence of some vicious or idle pursuit or tendency of the husband, whom she not only wishes to respect and esteem herself, but anxiously desires that the world should also; or his may feel anguish not less acute, at levity of conduct, downright folly in the occupations of life, or a confirmed stupidity and ignorance. Believe me, my friend, the matrimonial institution is extremely dependant upon a thousand circumstances too minute to be easily perceived by common or disinterested observation. Good God! how much we are the dupes of our own imaginations and precipitancy. With what rapture does the enthusiastick lover dwell upon the strong and heavenly picture of the poet—which interests the heart of every one that hopes for the essentials of true connubial felicity. "Thought meeting thought" and the "rapture beaming eye" comprehend a great part of these essentials. Yet who would trust to the delusions of an enchanting fiction? But in this limited examination of the subject, if misery and disappointment are too often the consequences of what are called love-matches, of those connections, where neither wealth, situation nor interested inducements of a similar nature influenced; and which almost entirely proceeded from an imagination heated by youth and desire, without a due attention to the mental qualities of improvement and temper; what must we expect, when we behold youth allied to age, beauty to deformity, or sense to folly?—Can our astonishment be much, at perceiving that great wealth and splendid equipages, or rich and powerful connections, cannot under such circumstances produce one particle of real happiness, and that discontent and regret are the certain consequences; of course those broils and domestick feuds which render home a place of dread

and torment? Can we commiserate? Can we sympathize with the selfish but mistaken wretch who is voluntarily placed in this contemptible situation? It is inconceivable how many matches of this description take place. They are so general that no surprise is excited. A woman is said to have been fortunate, if she marries independence, not to say the means of luxury and splendor. It is not a matter of enquiry whether the husband is amiable, sensible, good-natured, of conformity of age, or beloved by the object of his attachment. Is he rich? Then she must be a fool and simpleton to forego such a chance of worldly establishment. When such a connection is voluntary on the part of the youthful female (that is, when it takes place without the constraint of parents and friends) we may generally infer that no repen ance ensues—for minds so degraded it is an easy matter to command a perfect assimilation in every respect; and the spectator finally is induced to feel more indignation at such hardened prostitution of correct taste and feminine purity, than at any thing else.

Here the conversation, which had hitherto been very animated, seemed to languish: the youth appeared lost in a profound reverie occasionally interrupted with a sigh, and flush of indignation upon his cheek—and as I thought I had heard some truths, which when committed to writing would at least make up a number for the Spy; I silently withdrew and now send them for my readers; not even attempting, to offer a comment or remark on the practical inferences, which might be deduced from an attentive examination of the two pictures drawn by these interesting personages.

ORATION.

On the life of Mahomet, and the empire of the Caliphs.

The rise and fall of states and empires, nations subdued or emancipated, supineness and sloth sinking into oblivion the most powerful republics, or a tribe of wandering shepherds, by fortitude and temperance encreasing to an extensive commonwealth, are the highly interesting subjects, which claim our attention, when the records of time are unfolded to us.

Among all the events recorded in history, none shines more resplendent, none more illumines the page of the annalist, than that now presented to our view. Behold an Arabian chief exalted to the founder of a new religion and an extensive empire, and the Arabs of the desert coalescing to assert the truths of this religion, and resolving to spread it with fire and sword, over every kingdom and nation of the earth.

In the sixth century, the Roman empire had sunk to the lowest point of degradation. The empire, which in the age of the first Cæsars, had reared its lofty head to the skies, was now contracted to the possession of Greece, Asia Minor, Thrace and Syria; and even those possessions were often disturbed by sedition and revolt, the incursions of the Arabs, or the more extensive and dreadful ravages of the Persians. The successors of Constantine, sunk into sloth and debauchery, were incapable of any exertion to save their tottering and unstable empire. An eunuch or a woman, held with unsteady hands, the reigns of government, while their slothful and luxurious sovereigns were entirely given up to the pleasures of the table, or engaged in directing the amusements of the circus, where sedition raged with unconquered violence, and a difference of dyes often caused the death of hundreds.

In the zenith of the Roman power, when her armies overspread the earth, and her fleets covered the seas, Arabia, though never wholly subdued, was considered as but a trifling foe. Nature had given them a country, consisting in some parts, wholly of sand and stones; which no beast but the camel, dared to traverse, and where for one hundred miles together, not a tree appeared to enliven the prospect, or to give relief, by its hospitable shade, to the wearied traveller. But in that part of this vast country, which borders upon the Indian ocean, the land rises into swelling hills and lofty mountains, the air becomes salubrious, the choicest gifts of nature are lavished in profusion, and in this lovely spot, the garden of Eden appears again to bloom.

The wandering tribes, when wearied and harrassed by the tediousness of their marches over the burning sands of the desert, would gladly repair hither, to recruit their exhausted strength and to enjoy a relaxation from their toils.

On the coast of the Red Sea, the Arabs, tempted by the advantages of navigation, emerged from the desert, and formed commodious ports, for the reception of the ships of foreign nations, and for the exportation of domestic produce. Mecca and Medina soon rose to splendid cities.—The spices of India were here exchanged for the corn and manufactures of Damascus. Plenty and riches were diffused through their streets, and the noblest of her sons united the love of arms with the profession of merchandize.

Mahomet was descended from the tribe of Koreish; a family which had been distinguished for its opulence and

generosity, which had guarded the temple of Mecca for years innumerable, and which had more than once been the defence of its country. He was left an orphan at an early age, and destitute of the means of subsistence, he was reduced to the necessity of becoming the slave of a noble matron. In this quality, he visited many different countries in pursuit of gain. In his many peregrinations he had leisure to study the book of nature; he surveyed with scrutinizing eyes, the manners of nations and people, and dived deep into the human character.

His fidelity and long services at last secured him the hand and fortune of his mistress; and 'twas now that he began to put in practice, the design, which had long been buried in his breast; which has borne him aloft among the sons of fame, and which, in its consequences, loudly demands the admiration of mankind.

He betakes himself to a life of abstemiousness and rigidity, and, like the famous Numa, pretends to hold conferences with some celestial being. A solitary cave or a retired wood was his daily retreat. Here, unmolested, he could enjoy the visions of his fancy, and muse upon the great design, which he ardently cherished. His family and neighbours, wrought upon by the regularity of his life, his seeming devotion, and the plausibility of the doctrines which he advanced, readily espoused his cause, and promised him their support.

His doctrine made rapid advances in the minds of the populace. They hung upon his words with rapture, and venerated him as a father. But his enemies, observing with jealousy, the rapid progress he made, by their machinations forced him to quit Mecca, and to seek a refuge in Medina, where he is gladly received as the apostle of God, and the leader of the faithful.

Here the rude simplicity of his house and mosque, where he delivered to his followers the religion of the Koran, appeared to them more venerable than the pomp which surrounded the emperors of Constantinople and Persia.

The battles of Beder, of Chud, and of the Ditch, bear ample testimony to the intrepidity of the apostle. His courage and calmness always inspired his troops with fresh vigour; they boldly pressed forward, and victory trod in their footsteps. The citizens of Mecca no longer opposed their formidable adversaries, but yielded to the irresistable force of fanaticism.

Anxiously were the eyes of Mahomet each day turned towards Mecca and the temple; and he was urged by the most powerful motives, to revisit, as a conqueror, the city from which he had been driven as an exile.

He marches with his faithful bands to the city, and promises them undoubted success: but well nigh had shame and ignominy hung upon the flight of the Mussulmen, when Caled and Amvow, who afterwards conducted the Saracens from one conquest to another, deserting the cause of idolatry, once more revived the hopes of Mahomet, and threw a gleam of light upon the darkening prospects of his followers.

Rapid after this was his progress. Mecca is subdued, all Arabia submits to his arms, all crowd to enlist themselves under his standard.

A war arises, and Mahomet prepares to break the power of Constantinople. But just when providence appeared propitious to his designs, and Heraclius began to tremble for his throne, the death of the apostle crushes all his schemes, and involves his country in anarchy and confusion.

Pause, my audience; to admire the talents of the apostle of the Arabs. Contemplate his virtues, and his surprizing success; but let not the latter engross too large a share of your admiration. He was alike instructed to preach or fight, and the utmost success has crowned his endeavours. Yes, Mahomet, thou didst invite the Arabs to freedom and victory, to rapine and slaughter, and to the indulgence of their passions; all co-operated, and every barrier yielded to the torrent.

His religion is as permanent, as its propagation was rapid. At this day, every nation from the Atlantic to the Ganges, bows implicitly to the precepts of the Koran: it is the basis of their civil, as well as religious jurisprudence.

Though his body was mingled with the dust, his genius inspired the breasts of the Mussulmen. They marched with enthusiastic valour under the banners of the Cresent; they went on from conquering to conquer; and their empire was spread over the fruitful plains of Asia, the arid deserts of Africa, and the fair regions of Sicily and Spain. In a more advanced age, when the Turks took the sceptre from the hands of the Caliphs, they trod the classic ground of Greece, & the huts of the Ottomans were scattered among the ruins of Athens, where science had once spread her fair wings, and Socrates, and Plato, by their wisdom and knowledge, had astonished their enlightened countrymen.

After the reign of three Caliphs, the seat of empire was translated from the holy city of Mecca, to the fruitful vale of Damascus. The empire was split into many divisions; and, at this day, travellers can still discern vestiges, in the ruin of Grenada, of the ancient grandeur and opulence of the Spanish monarchy. The sovereignty of

Arabia was lost by the extent and rapidity of her conquests. She was ruled by the rod of a stranger; and the Bedowens of the desert, awakening from their dream of dominion, resumed their old and solitary independence. *Alexandria, May 7, 1806.*

FROM AIKIN'S REVIEW.

Interesting anecdotes of the heroic conduct of women, during the French revolution. Translated from the French of M. du Broca.

By those who delight to contemplate the dazzling sublimity of a generous virtue, in glowing contrast with the blackest horrors of atrocious vice; to view the softer sex, inspired by the calamity of the times, working on the strongest affections of nature, with a courage and energy not their own, this chronicle of memorable deeds will be studied with enthusiasm. Again will it call forth, for the consolation of weeping humanity, the often verified assertion, that periods of distress and commotion are alike the parents of towering heroism, and gigantic crime. To the ardent mind of youth, anecdotes of this class are equally salutary and interesting, and callous indeed must be that heart which they are incapable of rousing from indifference. In every collection of anecdotes some will be found unworthy of insertion; in the present we could find out many; those, especially, of women, who, inspired by false courage, have accompanied their murdered husbands, by a voluntary death, regardless of their helpless orphans, thus left without a guide or protector; and a few of a romantic cast, which have more the air of fiction than of truth. Several gallicisms, and inaccuracies of stile, we likewise observe, but on the whole, we felt little inclined to criticise severely, and cheerfully pardoned partial faults in consideration of the general interest of the work. To stimulate, not to satisfy curiosity, we select the following specimens.

"In one of the western departments, a man, of the name of Le Forte, accused of conspiring against the republic, was seized and committed to prison. His wife, trembling for his fate, used every means that courage and affection could inspire to restore him to liberty, but without success. She then bought, with a sum of money, permission to pay him a single visit in his prison.

"At the appointed hour she appeared before her husband, clothed in two suits of her own apparel. With the prudence of not allowing herself, at so critical a juncture, to give or receive useless demonstrations of tenderness, she hastily took off her upper suit of attire, prevailed on her husband to put them on, and to quit the prison, leaving her in his place.

"The disguise succeeded to her wish. Le Forte escaped, and the stratagem was not discovered till the following day.

'Unhappy wretch,' cried one of the enraged committee, 'what have you done?' 'My duty,' she replied; 'do thine.'

"A prisoner, whose name was Delleglace, was ordered to be conveyed from Lyons to the Conciergerie at Paris. His daughter, who had never quitted him a moment from the time of his first arrest, desired permission to travel with him in the same carriage prepared for his journey. This boon she could not obtain; but what obstacles can subdue the strength of filial love? Mademoiselle Delleglace, notwithstanding the weakness of her constitution, and laying aside the timidity natural to her sex, set off on foot with the carriage, which she accompanied in that manner for more than an hundred leagues; she sometimes quitted the side of the carriage, but it was only when she preceded her father, to procure proper nourishment for him in the towns through which they passed, and in the evening of every day, when she ran forward to beg of some charitable person a covering, to administer to her father's wants in the dungeon where he must pass the night.

"The gates of the Conciergerie, which she reached at the same time with her father, now excluded her from his sight. Still the fortitude of this extraordinary woman did not give way. She had been accustomed to subdue the ferocity of jailors, and she could not be persuaded that she should plead for justice in vain before magistrates. Every morning, for three months, she implored the justice and humanity of some who had influence, and her virtuous perseverance was rewarded with her father's liberation.

"What pen can express the excessive joy of this happy girl, when she carried the tidings to her father?—Exulting in her success, she next thought of conducting him back to his home and family. She fell ill at an inn on the road, worn out, no doubt, with the excess of fatigue, during this unparalleled exertion. She had not the good fortune to witness the utmost benefit of her enterprize; she never quitted her bed, but died in her father's arms, still deeming herself happy to have saved his life at the expence of her own."

This excellent definition of high birth is from the sacred biography of Dr. Hunter.

Again, this subject seems much calculated to correct the prejudices which prevail among men in the matter of pedigree. There is in reality no such thing as mean and high birth: or if there be a distinction, to be born perfect in every limb and feature, with a sound and vigorous constitution, with a mind complete in all its faculties, this is to be nobly born; as, on the contrary, to come into the world diseased and debilitated, with a constitution undermined and destroyed by the vice of parents, is to have the disadvantage of being meanly born; a distinction which, if founded in reason, truth and justice, leaves the great, in general, little to glory in, and the poor little at which to repine. Have we not all one father? What genealogy is pure from every stain of infirmity, folly or vice? Is it any diminution of the Saviour's dignity, any impeachment of his perfect purity, or any imputation on his great public character, that in the roll of his ancestry after the flesh, we find the name of Rahab the harlot, and of her who had been the wife of Uriah and that he was brought up under the roof, perhaps to the occupation of an obscure craftsman? Virtue and vice are personal not hereditary, and nothing but vice is a just ground of shame. Shall I call myself a disciple of Jesus then, and think it a reproach to be called a carpenter's son, despised because I am a Galilean, lightly esteemed because my parents were poor and ignoble, because a paltry monosyllable introduces not my name? Real worth ennobles itself independent of the breath of kings, it draws obsure progenitors into light, and leaves a fair and honourable inheritance to posterity—in a bright example, and a respectable name.

FOR THE COMPANION.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We are glad to find that the labours of an ingenious man have been so well rewarded, as to enable Mr. N. G. Dufief to publish a second edition of his "NATURE DISPLAYED, *in her mode of teaching language to man.*"—With regard to this work we have had but one opinion since it was announced. The invention of the system by Mr. Dufief may be doubted, because we think we recollect to have seen it evidently described in the introduction to an old French translation of Cæsar's Commentaries; but however scepticism may startle at the innovation, we think the practicability of the plan is sufficiently attested by the success of the present work. It has been adopted in our most respectable seminaries, and it is used by private gentlemen who have the talent to discern its importance. Having perused his MSS. we are enabled to state, that the author has scrutinized his work with a fastidious eye, and that in his second edition, much of the useful will be added, and what is unnecessary will be omitted. In the dramatic selections, especially, it will be found that very great additions have been made by the industry of the author. We cordially wish him every meed which applause can bestow and every reward that his perseverance merits.

The merit and the popularity of the merry Fessenden is evinced by repeated republications of his works. From the Lorenzo press at Philadelphia, we have just received a new edition of his "original poems," which is considerably larger than the former. To this genuine descendant of the historian of Hudibras we may well apply, with a slight alteration, the words that were addressed to Dryden.

> Alike with wonder and delight we view
> *Old Butler's wit* renewed in you.

Mr. S. Bradford of Philadelphia has just republished Burke's "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful." The merit of this volume is so well known that we can add nothing to its celebrity by the feeble sanction of our praise. We can only hope that the liberality of the public will reward the exertions of the printer.

Walter Scott, the editor of the Scottish Ballads and the author of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, is preparing an edition of the long neglected works of Dryden.

Mr. Prince, a whimsical printer of London, has announced an account of his life, pedestrian excursions and singular opinions.

Mr. Carr, so advantageously known to the literary world by his Stranger in France and his Travels round the Baltic, has recently made a tour through Ireland. He is now preparing an account of this country, "for which" as it has been emphatically said "God has done so much and man so little." It will be embellished by a variety of engravings, designed by the author himself. S—Y.

The fifteenth pamphlet in the Harleian Catalogue, contains a poem, written in the day and under the very eye of SHAKESPEARE, which is satisfactory evidence of the incorrectness of the opinion that no contemporary writer of merit acknowledged the excellence of this great poet.—

The small tract, which I mention, is entitled "England's Mourning Garment"—and is an account of the death and burial of Queen Elizabeth. This part I have transcribed, for the benefit of Mr. Easy and his readers.

Z.

" Death now hath seized her in his icy arms,
That sometime was the sun of our delight :
And, pitiless of any after harms,
Hath veil'd her glory in the cloud of night.
Nor doth one poet seek her name to raise
That living, hourly, strived to sing her praise.
He that so well could sing the fatal strife
Between the royal roses, white and red,
That prais'd so oft Elisa in her life,
His muse seems now to die, as she is dead :
Thou sweetest song-man of all English swains,
Awake for shame, honour ensues thy pains.
But thou alone deserv'dst not to be blam'd ;
He that sung forty years her life and birth,
And is by English Albions so much fam'd,
For sweet mixt lays of majesty and mirth,
Doth of her loss take now but little keep ;
Or else I guess he cannot sing, but weep."

FROM LORD BACON'S APOPHTHEGMS.

Antigonus, being told that the enemy had such volleys of arrows, that they hid the sun ; said it falls out well, for it tis warm weather, and so we shall fight in the shade.

Michael Angelo, painting in the pope's chapel, a piece of hell and the damn'd souls, made one of the damn'd souls so like a cardinal who was his enemy, that every body at first sight knew him ; whereupon the cardinal complained to pope *Clement*, humbly praying it might be defaced. The pope said to him, why, 'tis true, I have power to deliver a soul out of purgatory, but not out of hell.

Crassus the orator had a fish, by the *Romans* called *Muræna*, which he made very tame and fond of him : the fish died, and *Crassus* wept for it. One day falling in a contention with *Domitius* in the senate, *Domitius* said, foolish *Crassus*, you wept for your *Muræna* : *Crassus* replied, that's more than you did for both your wives.

Demosthenes fled from battle ; being afterwards reproached with it, said, *he that flies, might fight again.*

An orator at *Athens* said to *Demosthenes*, the *Athenians* will kill you if they grow mad : *Demosthenes* replied, and they will kill you if they are in their senses.

Queen *Elizabeth* seeing Sir *Edward* ——— in her garden, looked out at her window, and asked him ; what does a man think of, when he thinks of nothing ? Sir *Edward*, who had not felt the effects of some of the Queen's grants so soon as he hoped, answered ; madam, he thinks of a woman's promise. The Queen shrunk in her head, but was heard to say, well Sir *Edward*, I must not confute you : Anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor.

Dr. *Johnson*, said, that in sickness their were three things material, the physician, the disease, and the patient : and if any two of these joined, then they get the Victory. If the physician and the patient join, down goes the disease ; if the physician and the disease join, down goes the patient, but if the patient and the disease join, then down goes the physician.

Sir *Thomas More* had only daughters at the first : and his wife ever prayed for a boy ; who being come to man's estate, proved but simple. Sir *Thomas* said to his wife, thou prayed'st so long for a boy, that he will be a boy as long as he lives.

ERRATUM.

In the last Companion, page 270, in the article relative to the Count de Biron, for " *Royalist*," read *Monarchist*.

The royalists were from the commencement of the French revolution, partizans of the legitimate king and his dynasty. The Constitutionalists, who wanted the constitution of 1791, the abolition of the nobility, the overthrow of the military hierarchy, the diminution of the royal authority, &c. &c. were distinguished from the Republicans, and the Jacobins, by the ridiculous title of *Monarchists* ; since which time the word has been adopted into the French dictionaries, to designate the faction which engendered that of the *Orleanists*. Hence the duke de Lauzun certainly could not have been a Royalist.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to SEDLEY for his notices of American publications ; but we request he may remember that the pages of the Companion must never be disgraced by angry controversies, whilst under the management of the present Editor.

To the Oration in our paper of to-day, which was spoken by a young gentleman only fourteen years of age, we give insertion with much pleasure—" when mellowed by the stealing hours of time," we have no doubt that his talents will be highly distinguished.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE COMPANION.

In climes remote, on India's shore,
A banish'd lover droops and sighs,
When to his gloomy mind once more,
His fancy gives what fate denies.

For sad, and hopeless, and forlorn,
The blighted wretch who loves in vain;
To keenest misery is born,
Curst with a life of ceaseless pain.

No sordid interest made him roam,
Ambition vainly boasts his joys;
'Twas love that drove him far from home;
'Tis hopeless love his peace destroys.

A nymph enchanting as the morn,
Lovely as May in blooming charms,
Whose mind kind nature's gifts adorn,
And whose pure heart each virtue warms,

Stole with a Syren's spell his heart;
A heart alas! too warm, too true!
No wish'd return could she impart,
For hope, delusive mock'd his view.

Now frenzied and in deep despair,
Heedless of life, and gone his ease,
He flies the dear obdurate fair
And seeks the boist'rous stormy seas.

Where the loud gale's impetuous rage
Lifts to the skies the mountain wave,
Such kindred horrors grief assuage,
And pleas'd he hears the tempest rave—

Unconscious he of danger; fear,
With careless eye the glare is seen,
Of livid flashes darting near
While darken'd horrors intervene.

Alas! no gleam of cheering light
Breaks on the tempest of his mind,
There all is gloomy as the night;
No ray of comfort can he find.

Condemn'd a wand'rer far to roam
He seeks a savage distant shore.
Dead to the world, a prey to love;
And thinks of happiness no more.

ORLANDO.

FOR THE COMPANION.

THE INVOCATION.

Hygeia! rosy dimpled maid,
Come—I claim thy healing aid.
Bring thy mild enchanting smile,
Quickly come! our grief beguile.
Lo! on the bed of fell disease,
A maiden, form'd all souls to please,
Is rack'd by vile and vexing pains.
Oh come! I woo thee in my strains.
Restore her eyes their brilliant blue,
Give to her cheek its wonted hue.
Reanimate her form divine,
And let her smiles with lustre shine.
Revive again her cheerful voice,
And those that mourn shall soon rejoice.
Oh hasten nymph! and with thee bring,
All those joys that from thee spring.

So here I linger by this stream,
Musing o'er hope's delusive dream.
Here I waste the mournful days,
While around the soft breeze plays.
I strive to soothe my troubled mind,
But, alas! no peace I find.
Here the maiden oft did stray,
By the moonlight's pallid ray:

And we did mark the setting beam,
Playing on the placid stream.
Here did I my love disclose
And here we sung our mutual woes.
Now no more I love the scene
For now no more the maid is seen.
In vain I seek the well-known shade
And hopeless wander through the glade.

Then give us, nymph, thy healing power,
To cheer disease's gloomy hour,
My boon thou'lt surely not refuse,
When courted by a youthful muse.

A votive wreath of flow'rs I bring:
I strike to thee the plausive string:
Through ev'ry clime, o'er ev'ry main
Thy name shall echo in my strain.
Then come Hygeia! dimpled maid,
Come and bring thy healing aid.
Haste, oh nymph! and with thee bring,
All those joys that from thee spring.

June, 1806. SEDLEY.

The following exquisite description of morning, is from "Ethwald," a tragedy, by Miss Bailey.

When slowly from the plains and nether woods,
With all their winding streams and hamlets brown,
Updrawn the morning vapour lifts its veil,
And thro' its fleecy folds with soften'd rays,
Like a still'd infant smiling in its tears,
Looks thro' the early sun; whilst from afar
The gleaming lake betrays its wide expanse,
And, when light-curling on the dewy air,
The cottage smoke doth wind its path to heav'n:
When larks sing shrill, and village cocks do crow,
And lows the heifer loosen'd from her stall:
When heaven's soft breath plays on the woodman's brow,
And ev'ry hare-bell and wide tangled flower,
Smells sweetly from its cage of checker'd dew:
Aye and when huntsmen wind the merry horn,
And from its covert starts the fearful prey;
Who, warm'd with youth's blood in his swelling veins,
Would, like a lifeless clod outstretched lie,
Shut up from all the fair creation offers?